[fic] Human AU: Desperate.

• Mar. 17th, 2011 at 11:49 PM

Title: Human AU: Desperate.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Angelcest, smut, drunkenness.
Pairings/Characters: Gabriel/Raphael, Michael +/ Lucifer.
Word Count: 1,551 words.
Summary: Gabriel introduces his brothers to alcohol, to Star Wars, and drunken antics in one fell swoop.
Note: Written for **spn_30snapshots**, with the prompt deceit being used for this one. Eleven down, nineteen to go!

Also? Don't start reading here. Go here and start with #4, as that's the first story in this collection. You'll be confused otherwise.

This is the drunken episode that I've been stressing over for a few days now, and I'm glad

I can finally present it to you! **_bluebells** is credited with beta-ing and encouraging

the idea, along with **~~ravenspear~~** also encouraging the idea. (And helping me figure out what kind of drunks these angels are.)

_bluebells has also written a side-story to this covering Michael and Lucifer's side of events, and I like it so much that I consider it canon, as far as this story is concerned.

Enjoy!

The next day Gabriel has an ingenious idea: alcohol, and a Star Wars marathon. Two wonderful human things that he knows none of his brothers have been introduced to, and doing them at the same time will surely make the night even better, yes?

On his way home from work he swings into the local liquor shop (he found it weeks ago, has bought from there before, because every man in a desperate situation can always rely on alcohol to ease the pain for at least a few hours) and brings home two cases of various beverages. Mostly beer, a small selection of wines, and while his wallet hurts for it, Gabriel is certain that this will be worth it.

"I don't understand what the purpose of this is," Michael says again, but Gabriel ignores it because Michael is sitting on the couch with the rest of them, glass in hand, and if he looks closely, Michael has already tried his drink.

It's the best sign he could have hoped for. It means that Raphael will try his drink, and Gabriel already knows that Lucifer's willing to drink - he laughed when Gabriel pulled out the bottles, and commented on what a human thing it was...but he didn't turn down the

glass, and he hasn't been disposing of it by pouring it behind the couch when Gabriel wasn't looking.

In short, when the opening credits finish and the opening shots of the Star Destroyer fly across the screen, Gabriel's got this in the bag, and he feels free to put his feet up and relax.

"What is this?" Michael asks about twenty minutes later, and nevermind how long it took for him to come around, Gabriel's just glad to see that his most stubborn brother has come around.

"It's a movie. Like telling stories, except that they acted it out and filmed it for us to watch," Gabriel says. "So, no, this isn't real. Humans can't fly around in space like this, and lightsabers aren't real. Sadly."

"Lightsabers?"

"The true weapon of a Jedi Knight. Shut up and watch, you'll see what I mean."

Gabriel can't say that movies are his favorite form of entertainment - they certainly weren't when he was a God, and had access to so many different levels of perception that watching a movie was like blinding himself - but he'd always enjoyed hanging out in movie theaters (the drama of the audience was always amusing, as was releasing rats into the aisles) and now as a human? He *gets* it.

Michael fortunately stops talking, and Gabriel's seen this part enough times to know he doesn't like it, and so he turns to his other favorite occupation when watching movies: watching people watching them. He sees Raphael down more of his drink, obviously liking something about it, and he sees Lucifer swirling his wine (Gabriel would never be so crass as to offer the Devil some beer) and he sees Michael leaning forward, getting that look on his face when he's *interested*.

Gabriel carefully gets up to refill their glasses while Sand People make a fuss onscreen, and Raphael gives him an upset look as he does so, but says nothing. Lucifer holds his glass out without being asked, and Michael barely notices that his glass has been refilled.

Gabriel leaves the bottle on the coffee table this time, puts his feet up carefully, so he doesn't jostle the table, and lets himself be distracted by the whine of a lightsaber.

Three hours later, Michael's the only one still watching the movies, as Lucifer's drunk enough to curl into Gabriel's side, Raphael's beginning to look absolutely furious about this (but oddly also like he wants to burst into tears, which is an expression Gabriel's never seen on his face before) and Gabriel thinks the alcohol is beginning to work on him.

It makes him ache when he thinks about it, because why does he have to get Lucifer drunk before he'll cuddle with him? It's just not *fair*, and if Raphael says anything Gabriel might say something back, but...

Lucifer hiccups softly, then hums, wrapping an arm around Gabriel's side, and Gabriel sees something go snap in Raphael's mind.

"Get your hands off of him," Raphael growls at Lucifer, and Gabriel can't help but be proud of Michael when he ignores this in favor of TIE-Fighters and Han Solo, and he can't help but wonder at why Raphael sounds jealous.

"What?" Lucifer asks, and Raphael growls again.

"He's *mine,* so back off."

"...Is this because we had sex?" Gabriel asks, then blinks, because he never meant to say that. Peace in the house was easier when no one knew that you had sex with the one person in the house who wanted to kill you.

"Yes," Raphael says, and shakes his head, blinking, for a moment looking just as confused as Gabriel feels.

Lucifer makes a put-upon noise and crawls over Gabriel's lap, curling into Michael's side, and Gabriel stares at him. Since when did Lucifer hug Michael? Since when did it feel like rejection? Since when did he *care*?

"I think I'm drunk," Gabriel whispers, but then everything feels like deja-vu as Raphael grabs his shirt, pushing him off the couch, pushing them both off the couch and tumbling onto the floor where, whoah, the ceiling's never spun like *that* before.

Oh, hey, more deja-vu as Raphael's kissing him again before launching into a heated stream of words that makes Gabriel feel guilty, and he knows he's drunk now, because he never lets himself feel drunk.

"You left me and left us and how could you," Raphael is saying, Raphael is saying all this and more very fast and angrily and Gabriel doesn't like feeling guilty. He never likes feeling guilty, and he never likes the feelings that follow it, so he makes it stop in the simplest way he can right now: he kisses Raphael, then punches him.

A kiss to shut him up, a punch to share the pain because Gabriel hurts right now.

Raphael's eyes widen, and then he is growling and this feels so familiar, being kissed again and being bitten again, but it gives Gabriel an idea.

"Bedroom," Gabriel says, because sex should take place in the bedroom, right?

"Hate you," Raphael says, and, "Love you," and Gabriel knows that nothing makes sense right now. As his hand is in Raphael's pants and when did that happen, and then Raphael is shouting at him to stop it, but when Gabriel pulls away Raphael is crying, and since when did his brother *cry*?

"Don't leave," Raphael begs, gripping at his arm. "Don't leave me, please, I can't bear it," and Gabriel hugs him tight, crying again, and something filters through to his consciousness from the rest of the room:

Michael is making 'shush' noises and shooing them, still involved in the movie.

Gabriel doesn't understand this, because why would Michael go from shushing them to laughing at the screen, especially when there's Vader there, sitting at the table? That's an awful part of the movie!

But it doesn't matter now because Raphael is crying into his shirt and Gabriel remembers that sex happens in the bedroom, and that's really where they should be. Besides, this way they won't be separated!

Which is how Gabriel half drags, half guides Raphael up the stairs and to his bedroom, promising never to leave again, unless it hurts, because he can't stand pain, and that's how they tumble onto the bed.

"Ow," Raphael says softly, then, "I hate you."

"That's okay, I hate you too," Gabriel says, not thinking about it, deciding that the best possible thing for him to do now (to prove to Raphael that he's here and won't be leaving anytime soon) is to give Raphael a blowjob. A really, really good one. Even if he's not a

God anymore and can't remove his need to breathe. Or lengthen his tongue. Or whatever. He knows how to do this, he'll be awesome.

Raphael seems to agree when Gabriel gets his lips around his cock, at least by the sob/moan sound he makes, and he doesn't try to throw him off a minute later, so Gabriel's certain he's doing something right.

It's fast and okay, Raphael has no stamina or something and Gabriel's swallowing just as he's figured out that he can't take Raphael in that deep in one go, but that's okay! He lifts his head and okay, wow, he didn't know he was *that* bad at these things, because Raphael's crying again and that's not good.

Gabriel clambers up and kisses Raphael, making soft noises, trying to reassure him, and since when did he care so much about him? Not that it matters, as they're kissing again, slow and gentle and Raphael's stopped crying, and Gabriel whispers that it's okay if Raphael sleeps now because he's not sure he could survive an orgasm right now, so ssh, ssh...and Raphael sleeps.

Gabriel curls up on top on Raphael and feels...muzzy, maybe guilty, maybe okay, but he's not alone and that's something new, something he's not used to, because it's warm not just from the alcohol, and that's...

"I'll show you Ewoks later," Gabriel mumbles, then lets himself go, eyes sliding shut.

Previous | Michael/Lucifer Sidestory | Next